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From the New York Observer.

Wearing White.

While walking out one pleasant day,
Beside a thoughtful child,
She turned to me her earnest face,
And asked in accents mild,
"There are some people dressed in black,
I very often meet;
Why do they wear that gloomy dress,
When walking in the street?"

We very often talked of death,
That little child and I;
She thought it was a happy thing,
For children, young to die.
She did not know they went to rest,
Beneath the cold, dark sod,
But pictured them on Jesus' breast,
Forever safe with God.

How could I say, "For ransomed ones,
We wear this gloomy dress,"
And not disturb her tranquil thoughts
Of heavenly happiness?
I could not bear to see the look
Of sorrow and surprise,
That such a sorrowful glimpse of death,
Would summon to her eyes.

And so I said, "That solemn dress
Is useful as a token,
That unto one who weareth it,
The mighty Lord has spoken."
She looked confused, then softly said,
"But *black* why should it be?
The saints wear white, and so would I,
If God should speak to me."

Again I said, "Our absent friends,
We miss, when out of sight;
And when they die, we never feel
Like wearing colors bright."
She shook her head, "Why should we mourn
For those who are so blessed?"
And I no words could find to tell
Why they in black were dressed.

THE AUTOCRAT "POPS" TO THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.—The Autocrat of the breakfast table popped the question to the sweet schoolmistress, and was accepted. It was done on Boston common, thus:

"It was on the common that we were walking. The *mall*, or boulevard of the common, you know, has various branches leading from it in different directions. One of these runs downward from opposite Joy street southward across the whole length of the common to Boylston St. We called it the long path and were fond of it.

I felt very weak indeed (though of a tolerably robust habit) as we came opposite the head of this path on that morning. I think I tried to speak twice without making myself distinctly audible. At last I got out the question, Will you take the long path with me? Certainly, said the school-mistress, with much pleasure. Think, I said, before you answer; if you take the long path with me now, I shall interpret it that we are to part no more! The school-mistress stepped back with a sudden movement, as if an arrow had struck her.

One of the long granite blocks used as seats was hard by, the one you may still see close by the Ginko-tree. Pray sit down, I said. No, no, she answered softly, I will walk the *long path* with you.

The old gentleman who sits opposite, met us walking, arm in arm, about the middle of the long path, and said, very charmingly, 'Good morning, my dears.'"

☞ "Mother wants to know if you wont please to lend her your preserving kettle—'cause you know as how we want to preserve?"

"We would with pleasure, boy, but the truth is, the last time we loaned it to your mother, she preserved it so effectually that we have never seen it since."

"Well you needn't be so sassy about your old kettle. Guess it was full of holes when we borrowed it, and mother wouldn't trouble you again, only we see'd you bringing home a new one."

MRS. PARTINGTON AND THE TELEGRAPH.—"The line is down," shouted Ike, as he swung open the front door. Mrs. Partington, thinking he meant the clothes-line in the back-yard, darted to the window, but everything was right. The night-caps swung to and fro by their strings, the dresses waved their long arms in the wind, and Ike's galligaskins, inflated by the breeze, seemed struggling to be free. "You should not tell such wrong stories, dear," said she; "when there is no occasion for it. The line is not down." "I meant the Atlantic telegraph line," said he, with a face expressive of the joy of both hemispheres; "and Queen Victoria is going to send it to President Buchanan." "She is, is she?" said the old lady, "well that is very kind in her. I wonder if she will prepay the postage beforehand in advance." "It isn't a letter," he cried, "it is a cable under the water from one country to the other, over which messages can be sent." "I don't believe it can be done," said she, "for how can messages come without getting satiated with water?" "I guess they'll be wrapped up in gutta percha," replied Ike.—"Maybe so," said the dame thoughtfully, "maybe so, but it would be a good deal safer to send 'em by the steamer, for, what if they should get stuck half way?" She pondered on it, and did not see that Ike had tied her ball of yarn to the tongue of the bell, and was even then in a remote position, preparing to send messages of mischief, that would send her running to the door to see who was ringing.

CHESS PROBLEM.—John and Julia's problem, by Amator. John to move and mate in two moves:

John moves his arm round Julia's neck;
She moves one square and whispers check;
He, nothing daunted moves right straight
His lips to hers and calls out mate!

SOLUTION.

Poor Julia yields to love's constraints;
Sighs, blushes, palpitates and faints.

The Caledonian.

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Origin of Bells.

The origin of Bells is probably to be dated from the time when the sonorous property of metals was first noticed. A tinkling instrument of some sort was in use as early as the days of Moses, as it appears from Exodus xxxviii, 33-35, where the priest is commanded to hang Bells to his robe, in order by their sound to give notice of his approach to the sanctuary. Bells were also appended to horses as an ornament (Zech., xvi, 20), probably similar to those which are still used in many parts of Europe.

Small Bells were used by the Greeks and Romans for civil and military purposes, and they were sometimes rung in temples to call the people to their religious duties. St Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, at the end of the 4th century, is said to have been the first who used Bells in Christian churches to call the people to prayer, after which they were gradually introduced into all the churches of the west, as also many Greek churches. Large Bells appear to have come into use in the sixth century; in the year 610, Clothaire II, King of France, when besieging the city of Sens, is said to have been so much alarmed at the hitherto unheard clangor of the Bells in St. Stephen's Church, that he retreated in affright and abandoned the siege. They were very generally adopted in England as soon as parish churches were erected, and gave rise to that feature of ecclesiastical architecture—the bell tower. The fervor of a man's piety being then estimated by the value of his gifts to the church, large Bells were often presented by rich individuals. Turketul, Abbot of Croyland in the 10th century, gave to the church of that abbey a great bell, which he named Guthlac, in honor of the patron saint of the place; and his successor, Egelric, who died in 974, presented six bells, to which he gave the whimsical names of Pega and Bega, Tatwin & Turketul, Betelam & Bartholomew. These bells were tuned to harmonize with the great Guthlac, and so agreeable was the effect of their combination that Ingulphus, who often heard them, says "Ficbat mirabilis harmonia, nec erat tunc talis consonantia companarum in totu Anglia." (They made a wonderful harmony, and there was not such a well tuned peal of bells in all England.")

Bells were of old put to services which the superior intelligence of the present age has totally abolished. Says Aubrey, who wrote about the close of the 17th century: "At Paris, when it begins to thunder and lighten, they do presently ring out the great bell at the Abbey of St. German, which they do believe makes it cease. The like was wont to be done heretofore in Wiltshire; when it thundered and lightened they did ring St. Adelm's bell at Malmesbury Abbey. The curious do say that the ringing of bells greatly disturbs spirits."

The largest bell upon this continent is that upon the Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal, the weight of which is 29,400 lbs., and which was imported from England in 1843. The largest bell in England at the present day, is "Great Peter of York," which weighs about 26,000 lbs., previous to which the celebrated "Great Tom of Oxford" was the largest, which was cast in 1680, and weighs 17,000 lbs. At Rouen in France is a bell weighing 36,000 lbs. At Erfurt in Germany is another, and which was long celebrated as the largest in Europe, weighing 25,000 lbs. But Russia is preeminently the country of great bells where they may be heard in full vigor, not

"Swinging slow with sullen roar,"

for they are too heavy to be swung, but incessantly tolling and booming, and deafening all ears but those of Russians, who almost worship their bells. The largest of these mountains of metal is at Moscow, and is called, in Russia the Tsarkolokol or King of bells; the weight of which is variously stated at from 360,000 to 432,000 lbs. According to an inscription cast upon it, the former weight was that which it was intended it should be, but many Russian authors state that it overran that weight by 72,000 lbs., which, as the founder probably melted a large surplus of metal, may be possible. In any case it is twice as heavy as the large Russian bell, which is now ringing in Moscow, cast in that city in 1817 to take the place of a cracked bell called the Bolshoi, weighing 124,000 lbs, and ten times as heavy as the great bell of Erfurt before alluded to. It was 20 feet high, and 20 1-2 feet in diameter and as stated by Korb in his Diary (1698) it required fifty men to pull the clapper, one-half being on each side. It was suspended over the place where it now lies, in the year 1737, upon immense beams and heavy frame work, as shown in the accompanying cut, but which in the same year unfortunately took fire, and the bell falling, a piece was broken out of it large enough to admit two tall persons to pass in without stooping. It having never been suspended since, there are some who question the fact of its having been raised, but the fracture in it can only be accounted for upon the theory that it once fell from a considerable height when in a heated state. When this bell was being cast, the nobles from all parts of Russia vied with each other in casting into the furnace gold and silver plate, rings, trinkets, &c., as did they also at the casting of the bell before alluded to at Moscow, weighing 144,000 lbs., cast in 1817.

The Chinese have some large bells which must weigh at least 50,000 lbs. Father Verbiest, in the 17th century, states that he saw a number of large bells at Pekin, which were cast in honor of the transference of the seat of government from Nankin to that city, the largest of which measured 14 feet 5 inches in height, and 13 feet in diameter.

It is also stated by Le Compte who visited Nankin in the 17th century, that he observed a belfry in ruins, and the bell upon the ground measuring 11 feet 9 inches in height, and 7 feet 6 inches in diameter.

In our country a more rational taste in regard to bells prevails, and although we have not many exceedingly large ones to boast of, yet from almost every village spire, or tower of massive cathedral, goes forth the inviting tones of the "Sabbath going bell," ever changing with the events of life from a joyful to a sorrowful peal, and giving rise to associations which memory long loves to cherish.

How to Preserve Women.

[The following piece which is now going the rounds of the papers, we find credited to Hall's Journal of Health. We believe our readers will recognize as the writer, their old friend Timothy Titcomb; and although it was published in this journal a few years since, there is so much good sense and sober truth contained in it, that we will give it the benefit of our circulation once more.—ED. CAL.]

There is nothing in the world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother is a woman—wife, sister, and pretty cousins, are women; and the daughters will be, if (Heaven spare them) they live long enough. And there is a love of woman in general which we do not deny. A fine, magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health, a red cheek, and flashing eye, is something that does one good to look at as she illuminates the humdrum sidewalks, and every day streets. A North River steamer under full headway, with colors flying, is rather a pretty sight—rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag to see her pass, and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however the steamer sinks into insignificance, or some other very deep water, by the side of a well kept, well dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life—(men's life, we mean, of course.) Any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly made known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot do them up in sugar and set them in a cold room with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them up in cans and seal them up air-tight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an infallible receipt.

Have the feet well protected, then pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impressions made upon these organs through the skins, that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—the alarm bell at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing on her chest, and off go her teeth into a chatter, and the whole organism is in commotion. One sudden and severe impression of cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connections of the dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air. Now let her visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good it, for the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove or register. Air that is dry or burnt, is more or less charged with gases evolved by the fuel, and is poison. Go up stairs and make the beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Do not sit pent up in a single room with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shivers come on during these operations, go directly and put on something more about the chest.

Again do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living animal or vegetable can enjoy health in darkness. Light is also as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, even as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

Thus much in regard to the physical means for preservation. There are moral means important. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. Marriage, it is true, brings care and wear, but it is the ring that is worn that keeps bright, and the watch that lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies evolved in relation to the family, the new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensation for all outlays of strength, bring about a delightful play of the heart and intellect, which, in their reaction upon the body, produces an effect that is nothing less than preservation. Then, there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly, honestly. No one is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in the heart no place for religion. The calmness, the patience, and the joy and hope that are in possession of that woman whose heart is right in its highest relation can never fail to preserve and heighten every personal power and charm that she possesses.

There! you have the receipt. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is not the less sober truth. It has within it the cure for many a disease—the preventive for more. It might be made longer; but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.

☞ A country editor, speaking of a member of Assembly, says: "The first year he went to Albany, he was so conscientious as to utterly refuse to receive his allotment of stealings, in the shape of books and stationery. The next year he did not hesitate, and finally came home unable to tell the truth under the most favorable circumstances."

Why I left the Anvil.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

I see it. You would ask me what I have to say for myself for dropping the hammer and taking up the quill, as a member of your profession. I will be honest now, and tell you the whole story. I was transported from the anvil to the editor's chair by the genius of machinery. Don't smile, friends, it is even so.

I had stood and looked for hours on those thoughtless iron intellects—those iron-fingered, sober, supple automatons, as they caught up a bale of cotton and twirled it in the twinkling of an eye into a whirlwind of whizzing shreds, and laid at my feet in folds of snow-white cloth, ready for the use of the most voluptuous antipodes. They were wonderful things, those looms and spindles, but they could not spin thoughts; there was no attribute of divinity in them, and I admired them—nothing more. They were excessively curious, but I could estimate the whole compass of their being and destiny in finger power, so I went away and left them spinning cotton.

One day I was tuning my anvil beneath a hot iron, and busy with the thought that there was as much intellectual philosophy in my hammer as in any engine a-going in modern times, when an unearthly scream reached my ears; I stepped to the door, and there it was—the great iron horse. Yes, he had come, looking for the world like the great dragon we have read of in Scriptures, harnessed to half a living world and just landed on the earth, where he stood braying with surprise and indignation at the 'base use' to which he had been turned. I saw the gigantic hexapode move with a power that made the earth tremble for miles. I saw the army of human beings gliding with the velocity of wind over the iron track, and droves of cattle travelling in their stables, at the rate of twenty miles an hour towards the city slaughter-house. It was wonderful. The little busy bee-winged machinry of the cotton factory dwindled into insignificance before it. Monstrous beast of passage and burden. It devoured intervening distance, and welded the cities together. But for its furnace heat and iron sinews, it was nothing but a beast—an enormous aggregation of horse-power. And I went back to the forge with unimpaired reverence for the intellectual philosophy of my hammer.

Passing along the street one afternoon, I heard a noise in an old building, as of some one pulling a pair of bellows. So without more ado, I stepped in, and there in a corner of the room, I saw the *chef d' œuvre* of all machinery that has been invented since the birth of Tubal Cain. In its construction, it was as simple as a cheese-press. It went with a lever; with a lever stronger that that with which Archimedes promised to lift the world.

'It is a printing press,' said a boy standing by the ink trough, with a careless turban of brown paper on his head. 'A printing press!' I queried musingly to myself. 'A printing press! what do you print?' I asked. 'Print?' said the boy, staring at me doubtfully, 'why, we print thoughts.' 'Print thoughts,' I slowly repeated after him; and we stood looking for a moment at each other in mutual admiration; he in the absence of an idea, and I in pursuit of one. But I looked at him the hardest and he left another inkspot on his forehead, with a pathetic motion of his left hand to quicken his apprehension of my meaning. 'Why, yes,' he reiterated in a tone of forced confidence, as if passing an idea, which though having been current a hundred years, might still be counterfeit, for all he could show on the spot, 'we print thoughts, to be sure.' 'But my boy,' I asked in an honest soberness, 'what are thoughts, and how can you get hold of them?' 'Thoughts are what come out of people's minds,' he replied. 'Get hold of them, indeed. Why, minds are nothing you can get hold of, or thoughts either. All the minds that ever thought, and all the thoughts that minds ever made, would not make a ball as big as your fist. Minds, they say, are just like air; you can't see them they don't make any noise, nor have any color, they don't weigh anything. Bill Deepcut the sexton, says a man just weighs as much when his mind has gone out of him as he did before. No sir; all the minds that ever lived would not weigh an ounce troy.

'Then how do you print thoughts? If minds are as thin as air, and thoughts are still and make no noise, and have no substance, shade or color, and are like the winds and more than the winds, are anywhere in a moment, sometimes in heaven, and sometimes in earth, how can you see them when caught or show them to others?'

Ezekiel's eyes grew luminous with a new idea, and pushing the ink roller proudly across the metallic pages of the newspaper, he replied: 'Thoughts work and walk in things and stamp them on paper, or iron, wood, stone, or what not. This is the way we print thoughts. Do you understand?'

The pressman let go the lever and looked interrogatively at Ezekiel, beginning at the patch on his stringless brogans, and followed up with his eye to the top of the boy's brown paper cap. Ezekiel at once comprehended the felicity of his illustration, and wiping his hand on his tow apron, gradually assumed an attitude of earnest opposition. I gave him an encouraging wink, and so he went on.

'Thoughts make tracks,' he continued impressively, as if evolving a new phase of the idea by repeating slowly. Seeing we assented to this proposition inquiringly, he stepped to the type case with his eye fixed admonishingly upon us. 'Thoughts make tracks,' he repeated, arranging in his hands a score or two of metal slips, 'and with these here letters we can take the exact impression of every thought that ever went out of the mind of human man, and we can print it too, give us paper enough, till the great round earth is blanketed around with a coverlet like two peas.' Ezekiel seemed to grow an inch at every word, and the pressman looked first at him and then at the press with astonishment. 'Talk about the mind's living forever,' exclaimed the boy, pointing patronizingly at the ground, as if minds were lying there incapable of immortality, until the printer reached them a helping hand; 'why, the world is brimful of live, bright, industrious thoughts, which would have been dead, dead as stone, if it hadn't been for boys like me, who run ink rollers.

'Immortality indeed! why, people's minds,' he continued, with his imagination climbing into the profanely sublime, 'people's minds would not be immortal if it wasn't for the printers; at any rate, in this here planetary burying ground. We are the chaps what manufacture immortality for dead men,' he rejoined, slapping the pressman graciously on the shoulder. The latter took it, as if a subdued knight of the legion of honor, for the boy had put the mysteries of his profession in sublime apocalypse. 'Give us one good healthy mind,' resumed Ezekiel, 'to think for us, and we will furnish a dozen worlds as big as this with thoughts to order. Give us such a man and we will insure his life and keep him forever among the living. He sha'n't die nor sleep. We will keep his mind at work on all the minds that live on the earth, and all the minds that come to live here as long as the world stands.' 'Ezekiel,' I asked in a subdued tone of reference, 'will you print my thoughts too?' 'Yes, that I will,' he replied, 'if you will think some of the right kind.'—'Yes, that we will,' echoed the pressman.

And I went home and thought, and Ezekiel has printed my 'thought tracks' ever since.

The Quaker's Corn Crib.

A man had been in the habit of stealing corn from his neighbor, who was a Quaker. Every night he would go softly to the crib and fill his bag with the ears which the good old Quaker's toil had placed there. Every morning the old gentleman observed a diminuation of his corn piles. This was very annoying, and must be stopped—but how? Many a one would have said, "take a gun, conceal yourself, wait till he comes, and fire." Others would have said, "catch the villain, and have him sent to jail."

But the Quaker was not prepared to enter into any such severe measures. He wanted to punish the offender, and at the same time bring about his reformation, if possible. So he fixed a sort of trap close to the hole, through which the man would thrust his arm in getting the corn.

The wicked neighbor proceeded on his unholy errand at the hour of midnight, with bag in hand. Unsuspectingly he thrust his hand into the crib to seize an ear, when lo! he found himself unable to withdraw it! In vain he tugged, and pulled, and sweated, and alternately cried and cursed. His hand was fast, and every effort to release it only made it the more secure. After a while the tumult in his breast measurably subsided. He gave over his useless struggles, and began to look around. All was silence and repose. Good men were sleeping comfortably in their beds, while he was compelled to keep a dreary, disgraceful watch through the remainder of that long and tedious night, his hand in constant pain from the pressure of the clamp which held it. His tired limbs, compelled to sustain his weary body, would fain have sunk beneath him, and his weary eyes would have closed in slumber, but lo! there was no rest, no sleep for him. There he must stand and watch the progress of the night, and he at once desired and dreaded the return of morning. Morning came at last, and the Quaker looked out out of his window and found he had "caught his man."

What was to be done? Some would say, "Go out and give him a good cowhiding just as he stands, and then release him; that will cure him." But not so, said the Quaker. Such a course would have sent the man away embittered, and muttering curses of revenge. The good old man hurried on his clothes, and started at once to the relief and punishment of his prisoner.

"Good morning, friend," said he, as he came in speaking distance. "How does thee do?"

The poor culprit made no answer, but burst into tears.

"O fie!" said the Quaker, as he proceeded to release him. "I'm sorry that thee has got thy hand fast. Thee put it in the wrong place, or it would not have been so."

The man looked crestfallen, and, begging forgiveness, hastily turned to make his retreat. "Stay," said his persecutor, for he was now becoming such to the offender, who could have received a blow with much better grace than the kind words that were falling from the Quaker's lips; "stay, friend, thy bag is not filled. Thee needs corn, or thee would not have taken so much pains to get it. Come let us fill it." (And the poor fellow was obliged to stand and hold the bag while the old man filled it, interspersing the exercises with the pleasantest conversation imginable—all of which were like daggers in the heart of the chagrined and mortified victim.) The bag was filled, the string tied, and the sufferer hoped soon to be out of the presence of his tormentor, but again his purpose was thwarted.

"Stay," said the Quaker, as the man was about to hurry off, having muttered once more his apologies and thanks. "Stay, Ruth has breakfast ere this; thee must not think of going without breakfast. Come, Ruth is calling."

This was almost unendurable. This was "heaping coals" with a vengeance. In vain the mortified neighbor pleaded to be excused; in vain he pleaded to be released from what would be to him a punishment ten times more severe than stripes and imprisonment. The Quaker was inexorable, and he was obliged to yield.

Breakfast over, "Now," said the old farmer as he helped the victim to shoulder the bag, "if thee needs any more corn, come in the day time, and thee shall have it."

With what shame and remorse did that guilty man turn from the dwelling of the pious Quaker. Everybody is ready to say that he never again troubled the Quaker's corn-crib. I have something still better than that to tell you. He at once repented and reformed, and lived and died an honest man.

How He Carried the Soup.

Tompkins is a small man. Without violating the nicest shade of truth, I might describe him as a *very* small man. He stands scarcely five feet in height, and is proportionally diminutive in circumstances. But, mentally, what a difference! He is one of the most self-complacent men in existence. He conceives himself, intellectually, a giant. He throws his little form into all possible *poses* of dignity, in order to give shape and consistence to his own consciousness of personal importance. He knits his brows, and looks as truculent as Hercules, in order to convey to others a full conception of his individual consequence.

Tompkins, of course, married a very large woman. Mrs. T. is at least a foot taller than her august husband. She is rotund, jolly, plump, adipose, and the very picture of good humor. Her face is always robed in a smile; and notwithstanding her size, she is exceedingly timid, modest, self-sacrificing, unobtrusive. She cowers beneath the awful glance of her tiny spouse. Her merriest laugh shrivels up to a whimper beneath his dignified frown. Tompkins is jealous of his wife; not that he has any substantial reason, for she is the most correct little—I mean *big*—woman in the world. But his selfish nature, and his tremendous estimation of himself, teach his blood to boil at the bare idea of any other male human being daring to revel in a smile that he he conceives should be his own private property. Mrs. Tompkins, to do her justice, seldom *does* smile when her "lord and master" is in the vicinity. She trembles too much to indulge in such a luxury. She stands in awe of the irritable little controller of her earthly destiny. How Mrs. Tompkins ever chanced to marry such an individual is a mystery to some. Others say he determined to have her increase his own consequence. Man and wife being one in law, their mingled proportions, he argued, gave him bulk, height, and breadth—just what he lacked. So he called on her one day, said he loved her dearly, and threatened her with dire and unremitting vengeance if she refused his hand. The poor woman wedded him to get rid of her fright!

Tompkins and I got up quite a party to visit the Crystal Palace one evening, when it was yet in the zenith of its glory. Tompkins could not leave his place of business until dark; so it was arranged that the remainder of us should go earlier and await his coming. We engaged to meet him at six, either up in the picture gallery, or down, under the dome, beside the great fountain. I really forgot which was the meeting-place, and this forgetfulness, it will be seen, led to mischief.

We went at five. We wandered all about the building. We examined all the curiosities. We finally ascended the picture gallery, and there in the crowd, Mrs. Tompkins and I got separated from the rest of the party. For an hour or more we walked in the gallery till I was quite weary, and so was she, but no Tompkins was visible. At length I proposed that she and I should go down to the main floor and witness a curious optical effect I had observed some time before, of the Fresnel light. I had noticed that, by standing on the fourth step of the left-hand side of the aisle, and looking thence, for a moment, steadily at the artificial light in question, everything you gazed at for several minutes afterwards appeared to be corrugated into wrinkles!

Mrs. Tompkins thought that this would be delightful, and she laughed out joyously at the idea of making everybody wrinkled in the Crystal Palace, the young as well as the old. Away we went—she and I—chatting aloud in the liveliest, happiest manner imaginable. Just as we reached the floor, and got to the door, beside the fountain, there stood Tompkins himself.

He simply said, as we stopped short before him: "I have waited here, by your appointment, for two hours!"

His voice was hoarse with suppressed emotion. His face was pallid with anger. He glanced first at me and then at his wife, as if he would transfix us both with the lightning of his indignation. Poor Mrs. T.! I thought she would have swooned away! Had I not been thunderstruck at the unexpected meeting, I should have haw-hawed right out, and most immoderately. As it was, his look and manner surprised me. I did not know what to think of them.

That Tompkins was jealous was palpable and self-evident: and had Mrs. T. been a guilty creature she could not have manifested more apprehension and more remorse. That we were both perfectly innocent of even an improper thought, I knew; and yet, it *was* awkward to be encountered, by a jealous man under circumstances so embarrassing.

But still, it was not jealousy only that afflicted him at this moment. What was it? Jealousy choked his utterance. Jealousy made his eyes so flash with the fiery gleams of vengeance. Jealousy had conjured up that thunder-cloud on his brow—a cloud which, had he not been a pigmy, might have been alarming. But it was *not* jealousy that made him stand in such an awkward position. It was not jealousy, it was clear, that made him forget his *pose* of dignity—his assumption in grandiloquent attitude, of supercilious superiority. It was not jealousy—it was clearly something else, beside jealousy, that kept him erect—almost motionless, as if made of marble—neither turning his head to the right nor to the left—his body only shrinking stiffly within itself as the crowd passed by—shrinking as it were involuntarily from the touch of all, as if the slightest jar would disarrange his limbs, or the faintest shock pulverize him on the spot. What *could* be the matter with him?

"I have been waiting here two hours, by your appointment," he hoarsely repeated.—But not a motion of his head—not a gesture—not a step towards us, or from the precise spot he so rigidly occupied, did he make. I was completely bewildered by his singular conduct. Could he have gone insane? Or was he only gathering up the necessary quiet energy to kill me on the spot for keeping his wife in good company till he should arrive?

I looked at him again. There he stood, as if his limbs had been turned suddenly to stone. His eyes moved. His brows contracted. His cheeks distended. Rage discolored his lips. But in all other respects he seemed paralyzed. Had his hat been made of a ton of cast iron, and he compelled to endure the weight without flinching, he could not have maintained that stiff, immobile position more appropriately.

However, I explained to him that we had awaited him in the picture gallery until perfectly tired out, and we had come down to see the Fresnel light.

"And I have stood here for two hours!" he fairly groaned, while down each side of his face came trickling a stream of thick perspiration that looked much like soup.

"Oh, pshaw!" I replied, at last; "don't play the ghost any longer, then, but come up stairs to the real."

I grasped his arm as I made this remark; but a cry of agony from Tompkins made me drop it at once.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I exclaimed. "Are you ill? Are you dying? Or are you only enacting Othello without the burnt cork?"

"Can you keep a secret?" he hoarsely whispered.

"Certainly I can."

"Is there a private room convenient?" he hissed into my ear, as though he were a serpent.

"Upon my soul, the little wretch wants to fight an Arkansas duel," thought I. "Two in a room—knife in hand—lights put out—doors locked—best man crawl out least mutilated. No matter; let me see what it *does* mean."

Under the various stairways in the Crystal Palace, private rooms had been constructed for the use of the various attendants of the various departments, and many a jolly time has there been in those rooms unknown to the multitude without. Many a *shout of* mirth, many a chiming toast, many a song has been indulged in, in those quiet, secluded spots, which the crowd has heard but could not trace to its locality.

To one of these nooks I led him. Tompkins followed me with a slow, solemn, upright, measured step. Mrs. Tompkins came trembling behind all. Once in the private room, Tompkins turned gravely and said:

"You wonder at my conduct? You are astonished at my strange demeanor? You think me bordering on lunacy? You would like to be made acquainted with the cause?"

I nodded my head with as much *nonchalance* as I could muster.

"Then, behold!" he coarsely exclaimed, with a bitter, mocking laugh, that made my blood run cold; and, lifting his hat very carefully from his cranium, there stood, balanced on his head, a dish containing a two-shilling oyster stew!

Tompkins was too parsimonious to go into the saloon of the Crystal Palace. He had actually gone out of doors, eaten a stew, and bought another for his wife. The latter he had brought into the building, in the dish, carrying it steadily upon his head, inside of his hat. For two mortal hours he had stood under the dome waiting for her to come, with the dish on his head, afraid to move lest he should spill its contents—afraid to be touched in the moving jam, lest it might spill over him! And what I thought was perspiration running down his cheeks, was soup indeed.

Didn't Mrs. Tompkins laugh at the *denouement!* Didn't Tompkins himself, laugh, as the stew went down his throat instead of his whiskers! Didn't I laugh at his perplexity and his meanness, both so well punished on this occasion! And don't I always laugh at Tompkins when I ask him "how he carried his soup?"

CURIOUS STORY ABOUT THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Republican* says:

"I have heard from a high source a somewhat singular statement, which, if true (and I cannot doubt it,) explains two matters, namely: First, how the President was secured from being hoaxed in the matter of the Queen's message on the sub-Atlantic Telegraph; and secondly, why he should come from the Soldiers Home in to the city, near midnight, to write his answer. The statement is, that copies of both documents were prepared some time ago and exchanged between the parties, and that Queen Victoria's note and a copy of Mr. Buchanan's reply were locked up in the State Department.—This was done, it is said to prevent imposition, and a very admirable plan it certainly was. The reason why the President returned to the city at night is hereby made obvious, as it undoubtedly was for the purpose of comparing the message sent to him with the copy previously placed in his possession, and also to obtain his own prepared reply from the State Department. The fact of the Queen's message being incomplete, and what was the substance of the closing portion, seems to have been known to Mr. Buchanan when he wrote his reply; and the wording of the reply itself favors the latter assumption."

A HINDOO'S STORY.—A poor Hindoo, having been released from the cares of this world and from a scurvy wife, presented himself at the gate of Brahma's paradise. "Have you been through purgatory?" asked the God. "No, but I have been married," he replied, seriously. "Come in then, it's all the same." At this moment arrived another man, just defunct, who begged of Brahma to be permitted to go in also. "Softly, softly, have you been through purgatory?" "No, but what of that? Did you not admit, a moment ago, one who had not been there any more than I?" "Certainly; but he has been married." "Married! Who are you talking to? I have been married twice." "O, pshaw!" replied Brahma, "get away! Paradise is not for fools."—*Athenæum.*

PRENTICE'S LATEST.—Our neighbor of the *Democrat* professes to be looking abroad over the future prospects of his party. So he, like the Egyptian Sphynx, is gazing across a desert—and with a face just about as handsome.

A short time ago Cairo was nearly all under water. Now she is pretty much all under mortgage.

A new Democratic paper comes to us from Pennsylvania with the name of "J. Daw" as editor. Is Jack too modest to publish his entire name?

☞ An Ohio editor recently attempted to describe the powerful effects of warm weather, and here is one instance:—"A small negro boy injudiciously leaned up against the sunny side of the house yesterday, and fell asleep. In a few minutes he began to soften and in three quarters of an hour he ran all over the yard. His mother dipped him up in a wash tub."

THE NEWS.—Higgins expresses a doubt whether the news by the Atlantic Telegraph will be fresh, inasmuch as it comes through two thousand miles of salt water.

BAD FOR THE BARREL.—A negro lately fell from the upper story of a warehouse in Charleston, S. C., a distance of 30 feet, striking head first on the head of a whiskey barrel. The result was the barrel leaked.

☞ A railroad conductor who wore a long roomy, white linen sack coat, with a standing collar, and buttoned up to the chin, had a dispute with a female passenger. The lady won the victory gloriously by the following brilliant and destructive charge: "You are a purty fellow, ain't you? You are the fust concuctor I have seed agwine about among a passel ov decent wimmen folks *in his shut-tail. Ain't you shamed ov yourself?*" He probably was, for he left that car quickly, and unbuttoned the shirt tail coat.